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Revelations of Nature.

[Original.]

ANCIENT AND MODERN PNEUMATOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

NUMBER ONE.

WHATEVER of the unreal and fanciful may be involved in those remarkable phenomena of the day which assume the title of "Spiritual Manifestations," and however applicable the charge of superstition and fanaticism may be to many who assent to their claims, it must be allowed, even by the most skeptical, that the question as to their origin and true philosophy has assumed considerable importance, and is one which has as yet received no solution from any hypothesis of material science which can properly elaim the universal assent of candid and reasoning minds. Without, for the present, siding *unqualifiedly* with either of the extreme parties in the pending controversy as to their merits, it is the writer's belief that the truths and errors of both may, to a great extent, be rendered obvious, and that much may be done towards compromising the antagonisms in the positions in debate, by an appeal to the psychological and thaumaturgic history of past ages, and by exhibiting the analogies between past and existing theories and phenomena.

If universal tradition, and the testimony of the most ancient records, may be credited, then some degree of intercourse with ultra-mundane intelligences was enjoyed in the most ancient times. Indeed, all people, while in a state of primitive and uncorrupted simplicity, seem to have regarded a more or less open and general communion with spiritual beings, as a fact beyond dispute, and one established by the most constant and familiar experience. The Mosaic record distinctly intimates that apiritual intercourse, even of the highest kind, was enjoyed by the first human pair during their habitation of the Garden of Eden. Equally distinct are the biblical intimations of its partial continuance through all subsequent stages of human defection down to the general deluge,—as may be found in the histories of Enoch, Noah, and others. Still more conspicuous are the numerous recorded facts showing that it was enjoyed by the Jewish patriarchs, seers, and prophets, down

until after the Babylonish captivity; and isolated facts are stated in Josephus, in Maccabees, and in the gospels, showing that it was also of occasional occurrence among the Jewish priests and others down to the days of Christ. At the period last named, and during the apostolic age, it was more conspicuous than ever; and according to the succeeding Christian writers it appears to have existed among holy men, for a long time after that period.

Not only has this stream of vitality from the supernal world flown into, and commingled with, the whole stream of Jewish, and at least a considerable portion of Christian, history, but a similar connection between minds in, and minds out of, the flesh, appears to have existed among the *heathen* nations in different ages up to the remotest historical period. This, indeed, is evident from the biblical records themselves, especially those concerning the inspirations and divinations of Moabitish prophet Balaam, the significant dreams of Pharaoh and of Nebuchadnezzar, the consulters with familiar spirits, &c. Or if appeal is made to profane records, we may find proof of the point in the accounts of oracles, and prophets, and of spiritual, or supposed divine, interpositions, as contained in the writings of Herodotus, Pausanias, Plutarch, and many other ancient authors.

According to all ancient histories and traditions, the first who appear to have enjoyed intercourse with the invisible world, were persons whose psychical constitution, even while in its normal state, partook much of the qualities which are now known to characterize the state of somnambulism—a state commonly accompanied with a preternatural development of the senses and the general powers of interior perception. Not content, however, with depending solely upon these *normal* interior developments, the ancients cultivated certain *arts* by which the communication with the spiritual world was supposed to be facilitated. Among these was the art of closing the outer, and unfolding the interior, sensibilities, by the use of unguents, fumigations, narcotic potions, and magnetic manipulations. One or more of these aids to spiritual unfolding was employed in the sacerdotal mysteries of the Pagan priesthood, and especially in the abnormalization of the pythias and sibyls, preparatory to their utterance of oracles. There were also certain arts, incantations, and other ceremonies practised, by which it was thought that spirits, and the general elements and forces of the invisible world, were attracted, and rendered available for the unfolding of knowledge, and the performance of works, which were beyond

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the normal capacities of ordinary men. The enchantments and remarkable performances of the Egyptian magicians who contended with Moses and Aaron, may be cited as a case in point. Wonders of this kind, as performed among the heathens, were always claimed to be accomplished by the aid of the gods, or of departed spirits, even as miracles among the Jews and Christians were claimed to be wrought by the aid of the Lord and his ministering angels. It is worthy of remark that Moses and Aaron did not deny the reality of the miracles performed by the Egyptian thaumaturgists, or of their connection with the spiritual aids by which the latter claimed to perform them. Their effort seems to have been rather to outstrip them in the magnitude of their own miracles, and thus to show that the spirits, dæmons, or divinities which aided these Egyptian wonder-workers, were relatively impotent if not evil. If Moses and Aaron had, in this instance, considered the performances of their antagonists as consisting of mere juggling tricks, it is not probable that they, as the prophets of the true God, would have condescended to enter the arena of conflict with them; or having engaged with them, they would most likely have proceeded to expose the artifices by which they sought to delude the senses of the spectators.

The class of wonder-workers to which the antagonists of Moses and Aaron belonged, became conspicuous and highly accomplished not only in Egypt but in India and especially in Persia. It was in the latter country that this class of persons took the name of the "Magi," or wise men; and from this etymon they were afterwards called "magicians," and their peculiar arts were called "magic." But a similar class of people rose up respectively among the ancient Gauls, Britons, the Germanic and Scandinavian tribes, and indeed among all primitive nations—differing in the degree and character of their peculiar qualifications according to the genius, temper, and local circumstances of the tribes to which they respectively belonged.

The foregoing are among the apparently potent considerations which have convinced many minds, that intercourse with the spiritual world was enjoyed, not only by certain persons among the Jews and Christians of old, but also, to some extent, by individuals and classes among the heathens—an hypothesis the probability of whose truthfulness will be incidentally increased, as we proceed, in a future division of this article, to develop some principles of nature and reason as explanatory of the connection between this mundane sphere and the world invisible. But, assuming that there was anciently a communion, at least to some extent, between man and invisible sources of intelligence, it is our purpose now to show how, during the process of subsequent ages, the spiritually inclined and the materially inclined branches of the general mind gradually diverged, the one into the depths of superstition and fanaticism, and the other into the abysses of sensual and anti-spiritual philosophies; and in the light of the discussion we will endeavor to attain to that *juste milieu* between these two-extremes of thought where the truth may be supposed to lie.

We have before intimated that the magical arts (including the art of invoking spiritual powers) attained to a high degree of development, in Persia. After the assassination of the magician Smerdis, who usurped the Persian throne, and the general persecution of the magi which followed that event, great numbers of the latter class fled into different nations, carrying with them their peculiar arts which they subsequently practised themselves and taught to others. By this means, as it may be supposed, there were greater or less *innovations* made upon the magical theories and practices, which we have before seen became naturally and independently developed, from the primitive source of mystical science, in each of these nations. In this manner, also, these magical arts would often fall into the hands of those who would make a much less exceptionable use of them than their original possessors. This tendency to vulgarize, and thus necessarily to prostitute, the primitively innocent and sacred science of magic, received an additional impetus when, after the conquest of Egypt by the Romans, and the subsequent decline of the Egyptian priesthood and religion, many of their priests migrated to Rome and other prominent cities, where, under the impulse of poverty, they taught their mysteries for money. Unprincipled persons who thus came in pos-

session of the secrets, would often employ them for purposes of personal vanity, or ambition, or revenge, or in the gratification of a morbid love of the marvelous either in themselves or their spectators.

Moreover, upon the introduction of Christianity, there seems to have been, both among Jews and heathens, a marvelous and rapid decline of the realities and dignities of spiritual intercourse, as owing to some occult and providential cause. The Jewish temple, whose inner sanctuary had been from time to time illumined with the glory of the Shekinah, and from which the high priest clothed with the ephod, uttered the oracles of Jehovah, was demolished by the victorious Romans, and the once chosen people themselves were dispersed among all nations. The sibyl of Cumæ ceased her magnetic ravings, and her visions both of Infernus and Elysium were intercepted by a veil of darkness. The Delphic pythia no longer uttered her mystic hexameters; and Dodona and Trophonius, and Jupiter Ammon were confounded and struck dumb before the rising glory of the new dispensation.

This measurable dissolution of the link by which Jews, and in a less perfect degree, also heathens, previously held connection with the spirit-world, rather increased the tendency among unchristian people, to the development of factitious and illusive methods of gratifying their love of the marvelous and the supernatural; and in the hands of the unscrupulous local and itinerate magicians which had long been multiplying, the previously sacred methods of facilitating communion with ultra-mundane intelligences, gradually degenerated into forms, and became the vehicles of evils, which rendered them obnoxious to the reigning authorities even of heathendom. Still more offensive were the practices of these magicians, to the dignitaries of the Christian Church, who, without denying the reality of the wonders claimed to be thus performed, attributed them to the agency of evil dæmons; and when Christianity became the predominant religion of the Roman Empire, the practitioners of these magical and necromantic arts were compelled to retire into secrecy, and would often hold their midnight conclaves in the depths of remote and sequestered forests. Here they would perform their sacrifices, and their mysterious ceremonies and incantations, for the purpose of moving the powers of the invisible world, for the purpose of producing among themselves ecstasies and trances, and in some instances, as it would seem, also for the purpose of gaining an undue magnetic or spiritual power over their enemies and other uninitiated persons over whom passion, caprice, or interest prompted them to seek control. Thus were the degenerated arts of magic and conjuration preserved throughout the early and middle ages of the Christian church, and developed into various forms according to the genius of each particular age; and one prominent feature of this general system is that which has been termed "Witchcraft."

Without stopping, for the *present*, upon any questions as to the *reality* of the connection which these sorcerers claimed to have with, or the aids which they professed to receive from, the spiritual world, I may remark that many of the extraordinary phenomena which attended their practices, may doubtless be placed in the category of mental impressions or illusions. As to how these impressions may be produced some conception is suggested by the practices of the "electro-psychologists," or "electro biologists," so called, of this day. By working neurologically (erroneously termed "electrically,") upon the minds of certain sympathetic persons, almost any mental impression may be produced which the operator may desire. If, for instance, the subject, while in a proper state of sympathy, or in full magnetic relation, with the operator, is impressively told that he is surrounded by the magnificent gardens and palaces of fairy land, the scenes described will actually appear to him with the vividness of reality. In the same way he may be impressed that the atmosphere around him is filled with bright and benignant angels; or "a legion of foul fiends" may apparently be called up from the "vasty deep," and made to environ him on every hand. Or, while the spell is upon him, his sense of personal identity may be suspended, and he may be made to believe that he is any other person, or even a brute animal. In short, any conceivable hallucination may in this way be produced; and the subject of the operation will, according to the scenes that are made to appear, or the impressions that are produced upon his mind, now betray the utmost terror,

now the bold intrepidity of the hero, now the crouching servility of the slave, now the dictatorial haughtiness of the autocrat. Whatever of charlatanism and ignorance may be chargeable to many of the existing operators in this mystic art, the results of their operations certainly can not be denied, as they have been witnessed by tens of thousands of intelligent persons within the last few years, both in this country and in Europe.

There is abundant reason to believe that the magicians of the middle ages, as well as those of more ancient times, possessed, in some form, the art by which these various appearances and impressions might be produced; and to this they added the knowledge of the means by which almost every person might be rendered more or less susceptible to these operations. Among the more potent of these means were the use of narcotic potions, unguents, and especially fumigations, by which the outer sensibilities were stupified, and the mind, by the intoxicating influence, was brought into a delirious and visionary state of activity. In this state of body and mind, any visions or fancies would naturally come up which accorded with previous apprehensions sufficiently, distinctly and powerfully excited.

With reference to the excitation of these apprehensions, it may be remarked that these magical practices could not long be continued, and their accompanying phenomena be made the theme of familiar talk and contemplation among the nervous and sympathetic, before distinct classes of images would become fixed in their conceptions, which they would expect to be reproduced in their general features when the same ceremonies were performed, and the same invocations and conjurations were made. It should be added that these ceremonies, incantations, and conjurations, in which spirits and classes of spirits were invoked by name, were sometimes of the most awful and impressive character, and well calculated of themselves to exercise a psychological influence over the imaginations of the spectators. As these rites proceeded, the intoxicating influence of the fumes arising from the burning narcotics would of course increase, whilst the expectation of the phenomena sought for would grow more and more intense, until the expected apparitions would stand forth with the vividness of reality. Whether there may or may not be, some emanations or spiritual volitions proceeding from the invisible world, and concurring with these mechanical and magical appliances, in the production of such spectral appearances, is a question on which we will endeavor to obtain further light hereafter; but for the present it suffices to know that earthly causes may have much to do in the production of these appearances, and that, generally speaking, the appearances themselves are not direct or open visions of any thing either on earth or in the spirit-world.

(To be continued.)

The Light Within.

WHEN God created the human soul—says Von Helmont—he communicated to it essential and original knowledge. This soul is the mirror of the Universe, and is in connection with all beings. She is lighted by a light from within; but the storms of passion, and the multitude of sensuous impressions, and the distractions of the world, darken this light, whose beams are only shed when it burns alone, and all within is in peace and harmony. If we would abstract ourselves from all external influences, and follow this light alone, we should find within ourselves true and unerring counsel. In this state of concentration the soul discriminates between all objects to which its observation is directed. It can unite itself with them—penetrate their properties—and reaching up to God through him attain the most important truths.

Great powers in the universe, balancing one another by mighty energy, make creation more interesting. Would not less intensity of heat, creating and requiring less motion of winds, vapors, sea, be attended with less activity of animal and vegetable nature? These great powers in nature call forth great energy and skill in man, give impulse and life to the soul, reveal the beauty of creation.—[Channing.]

Social and Moral Ethics.

[Original.]

INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

RESPONSIBILITY is predicable alone of a rational agent. Inasmuch, therefore, as each individual is alone responsible for all his thoughts and actions, they, so far as they do not work to the injury of others, should be left free and unconstrained. For a man to do as he pleases, or think as he pleases, at his own cost, is the essential democracy. There is no pure liberty short of this. In so far as his action, passion or thought is constrained, just so far is he a slave, and in bondage to a foreign power—a power external to himself. Taking the consequences of his own action upon himself, he has a right to do as he pleases. He is his own prophet, priest and king. Acting upon his own responsibility, at his own risk, he goes forth a sovereign, and is his own law, or a "law unto himself," and no one has a right to say unto him, "What doest thou?" He is then a *democrat*, and not until then. And, be assured, that he will then, as far as he can, pursue his highest bliss. According to his best intelligence, he will then seek incessantly his temporal and eternal happiness.

This freedom, which is the only freedom worthy the name, and this responsibility, which, in fact, is the only responsibility that can legitimately attach to the actor, will develop necessarily all the innate and latent capabilities of the subject. The resources, plenary within him, then come normally out, and all his actions are then *truly his*—legitimately begotten, and born of a *free man*. He is then a self-centered man, duly equilibrated, and the only reward or penalty he knows is the consequences of his own action, which are visited upon him. This is the only court of equity a *freeman* appeals to—the only Divinely instituted tariff of rewards and penalties. Whatever dominates his thoughts or constrains his action, destroys his freedom, abolishes his responsibility, and converts him into a *machine*.

No one denies, that if you take hold of my arm, and with it strike dead another, or coerce me to homicide, I am guiltless. So no one has a right to coerce my thought by a creed or system. No one has any more right to impose his opinions upon another, than he has to put chains on his limbs: in either case he makes a slave of him, and destroys his accountability. Any influence, opinion, creed or law, that cripples a man's thought, or tyrannizes his action, or thwarts his taste or inclination, converts him from a *true man* into a *false man*, robs him of his birthright and defeats his destiny.

The "higher law" is the *sovereignty of the individual exercised at his own cost*. No institution, civil or religious, can rise superior to it without fatal and inevitable detriment to his temporal and spiritual well being. It is God's prerogative in him "to will and to do," as of himself. It is God's freedom, in man, as his own. It is the manifestation of the Divinity in the Humanity—"God manifest in the flesh," and any creed, institute, or law that denies it, denies God—is Atheistical and absurd.

Jesus Christ is the great Apostle of this Democracy. He affirmed it in all its length and breadth, and taught it by precept and example, all his days upon the Earth. He was a *freeman*, a *democrat*, and gave his life a sacrifice for his principles. He taught that no institution or law was half so sacred as the man himself; and his life was an incessant protest and rebellion against the civil and religious authorities of his time. He preserved his *individual sovereignty*, untarnished and unpolluted, amidst the accumulated impositions which surrounded him. He allowed no law, creed or opinion, to tyrannize his thought, or constrain his action. He gave utterance and action to the Divinity that "stirred within" him, uncontrolled and unawed by any ordinance, law, or custom, external to himself. He spoke as being "moved by the Holy Ghost."

He daily denounced the despotic rule—the invincible, civil and spiritual thralldom under which men lay. Accordingly his every action upbraided this extraneous authority. The whole tenor of his life was

consistently counter to its assumptions. He denied all outer authority, all foreign rule, as founded in injustice and inequity, and affirmed at every step the Divine right of self-government—of individual sovereignty. Hence I say he was a democrat—the great Apostle of Democracy—a freeman—"the Son of God." A volume might be written in elucidation of his fidelity and constancy to this mission. Read his history with this idea, or suggestion, and you will see how true he was to himself—to his own sovereignty. The sovereignty of the individual is, therefore, the *true* Christianity—its very pith and marrow. It is the grand text upon which Christ's life is a faithful commentary, tersely illustrating its great issues. Temporal and spiritual freedom is the *New Testament*—the WILL of God to Man; and Christ was its first executor.

Each man is sovereign of himself *by a right Divine*, and no "act of Assembly" can break the entail; no law can defeat the inheritance any more than man can dethrone his Maker. No mundane legislation can take away the *right* to it. It can't be alienated; it is inprescriptible. Whatever creed or law dominates it, is *Anti-Christ*—is the "adversary of souls;" the "wicked servant" that lays waste the inheritance, and is forever cast out when the rightful heir asserts his claim. He is a freeman, a Christian, and a democrat, and will suffer—*can* suffer—the imposition of no chains upon his limbs, nor creeds upon his soul. He will never cease to war against them until the pretender is exterminated.

Individual sovereignty, exercised at its own cost, is the fundamental axiom of Christianity and Democracy. It brings into full play all the energies and capacities of the individual for a life of harmony and happiness. Acting and thinking upon his own responsibility, at his own cost, he will pursue, to the best of his knowledge, his highest good, and his actions will flow into harmony with those of his fellows, for he will then *spontaneously seek his like*. His *taste* will then determine his industrial action, and in so far as his industry follows his taste, will it be perfect, excellent and *useful*. Being free, his taste will attract him to those of similar tastes, and he will act harmoniously, *yet freely*, with them. Hence the *seriel law* is a consequence of his individuality and sovereignty.

But O, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name! O, Christianity! what Anti-Christ's have assumed thy title! "Civil Liberty" is now but a name for a somewhat ameliorated temporal slavery, and "Christianity" but a name for a sort of mitigated spiritual bondage. Current Liberty, or what is called "Civil Government," is a curtailment of individual sovereignty—a kind of systematic spoliation of individual right. While Orthodox Christianity, *pretending* liberty of conscience and freedom of thought, dogmatically proscribes and delivers over to Omnipotent Wrath all who can not accept its creeds. The sects, in effect, say to us, "This is a land of religious liberty. You are at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of your own conscience. You are at liberty to think and speak on theological and religious subjects as you please. But, woe unto you if you differ from us! We will denounce you as an Infidel; have no part or lot with you, cover you with odium, and deliver you over to hatred and contempt!" At this distance they look back and denounce the bloody crucifixion of Christ by the incensed bigotry of the Jew, while blind to the very same work by the very same spirit, here,—a perpetual crucifixion of the Christ.

Individuality is an affirmance of individual sovereignty—an affirmance of every individual's right to think, speak and act for himself; to be his own law. The entire circle of analogies in nature affirm it. There are no two things alike in the universe—no two blades of grass—no two stars—no two minds or bodies. All are specifically different; and no matter how much alike they may appear, the more they are analyzed the wider they will be found to differ. Each is distinctly itself. No two persons think alike, feel alike, believe alike, or act alike; and the more you analyze their thoughts and feelings the wider will they differ. Their thoughts, feelings and opinions differ, and must necessarily, as much as the color of their eyes or hair, their features, stature or their size.

Take the plainest proposition and submit it to two or more persons;

they will all unhesitatingly say "Yes" to it, perhaps. But scrutinize the mind of each, and they will all be found to have different views of it; and the more deeply their views are analyzed the wider will be their difference. The view of each is modified or determined by all his past history, his memory, associations, characteristics, education, and all the circumstances which have made him what he is. Again, let half a dozen persons look together at a picture; they will all agree as to its being a beautiful picture, pleasing to look at, and agree in regard to its exterior details. But analyze the feelings and thoughts of each with regard to it, and how immensely different! To one it suggests *this* train of associations, dependent upon his past history, proclivities, desires, passions and characteristics. To another it suggests *that* train of thought, dependent upon *his* associations and idiosyncracies; and so around the whole circle. In some it excites sad feelings, in others joyful, and in others, again, indignant feelings. No two will have the same feelings and thoughts or the same *idea* of the picture. Each will differ more and more widely from the others the more his thoughts and feelings are looked into.

So let a piece of music be played or sung. Not one in the room will feel and think like another about it. The images that it will suggest to their several fancies will be wholly different; and so will the feelings excited by it. So submit a piece of writing—a constitution or civil compact, for instance, or a "text of Scripture," to any number of individuals; then see the various *meanings* they will attach to it; and the more they argue the more widely they will differ, because it brings more into view their individualities—continually more adverse elements mingling into the discussion.

Moreover, the same person will think, and feel, and believe differently of the same picture, song, proposition, or text, at different times, in different places, under different circumstances, states, and with further experience, more facts and associations. His thoughts and feelings, and consequently his belief, are continually changing—enlarging, modifying, and coming into new relations. I am not to-day what I was yesterday, nor will I be to-morrow what I am to-day. I have more memories and associations, experiences, to-day, than I had yesterday, and will have more to-morrow than I have to-day; and they all mingle into my individuality, and modify my thoughts and feelings. To-day I open at random the New Testament at the text, Matthew x; 20, "For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." I reflect upon it, and see a meaning beneath the letter—a "spiritual sense." To-morrow I read the text again, reflect upon it, and see a still deeper meaning in it. Thousands of others may read the same text, and see in it wholly different meanings from each other, and from me! What worse than folly is it, therefore, to expect, or to attempt to coërcé men to believe, think, or feel alike! Such a thing was never intended, and can never be, so long as each man is himself. Now, surely each must have the supreme right to decide for himself—none can do it for him—and continually decide for himself. His individuality makes him superior to all law or creed—makes him, in fact, his own law; and no earthly power can repeal or abolish it.

PITTSBURGH, March 20, 1853.

[Original.]

REFLECTIONS;

SUGGESTED BY THE TOLLING BELL.

THE gathering together of mourners, friends and citizens, indicates that another form, which lately evinced the indwelling presence of a spirit, is about to be borne to its final rest. Soon the material substances which, in accordance with a universal law of Nature, have been made to subserve their purpose, as the outer clothing or habitation of a spirit, must yield to the chemical forces, which they have so long resisted, and return to their original elements, again to enter into new forms and organizations.

The Spirit, too, obedient to the same creative power, has entered on the untried realities of life in another and higher sphere. My own spirit woos truthful impressions and teachings from this lesson. Come,

thou partner of my earthly life, and with a divine power unfold to me thine own experience—beyond that mournful period which is already impressed on the archives of memory, when thy last words of ecstasy and triumph announced thine exit from the form. The same angelic smile which even then illumed thy placid features, still sheds the light of holy joy along my pathway. I seek to know more of that new life upon which thou hast entered. May it not be given thee to roll back the curtain that falls between us, and to unfold those processes which, even in the flesh, may develop a power to read the mysterious philosophy of life? I would understand something more of those violated laws, whose fearful penalties are disease, vice, and misery, which seem to be deeply interwoven with the very elements of our systems—embryos of Evil.

As we read the Book-history of our race, or listen to the teachings of the Church, we are more and more confirmed in the belief that the causes of evil are not accounted for by modern theologians. Let any one who would test the truth of this assertion, analyze his own material organism and his own mental powers. He would find, at every step, the utter fallacy and untenableness of their assumptions. Let him investigate the power of natural forces in the development of herbs, shrubs, trees, fruits, grains, and all nutritive substances, from which not only animals, but men, are nourished. If he observes the chemical action of his own system, he will perceive that the elements which enter into his organism as food, must make up part and parcel of his own self; and in this study he can not rationally comprehend, or admit, teachings that conflict therewith. He traces the affinity of his system to all the great kingdoms of Nature—to the mineral in his bones—to the vegetable in the nutritive apparatus, and many other analogies—to the animal in muscular motion, appetites, desires and passions.

But in rising a single step higher, to investigate the phenomena of mind, he reads in his own being evidences of spiritual life—in his deathless affections—in his ever-unappeased yearnings after truth—in the very affinities of his soul—and of all human souls—even if they are manifest in the blindest Pagan. Do not these, under every encumbrance, and in defiance of all burdens, forever stretch away into the realms of Spirit—into the Unseen, the Infinite? He beholds Man with divinity stamped on his brow, and vibrating with electrical energy in every thought.

In these analyses of the human system we may truthfully look for those causes which stultify the powers of the soul, and corrupt the tabernacle of the flesh. Would mankind withdraw the curtain which hangs between Heaven and Earth, hiding the joys of the Spirit-world, they must learn first to develop harmony in their own organism, and then to live in accordance with its beautiful laws. Would they remove the evil of Supernaturalism, let them divest themselves of all external forms, ceremonies and creeds, cultivating instead the vital affections of the soul, and an energizing faith in their own power, to develop in themselves all the regenerating forces of usefulness and good. Thus every man may grow into harmony with himself, and with all other men. A prophecy of this power is written out in all the works of Deity. It is seen in the perfect harmony between want and supply, in all inferior being—every plant, every animal, normally existing under the most favorable conditions, and in the happiest relations with its kind, and with the world at large. And is Man the highest and noblest work—the crown and glory of creation—always to find himself the only being out of place—the only being out of harmony—in the wide Earth? No. The importance of his destiny, his august relationships with God and Spirits—the very consciousness of his own nature, where a deeper prophecy is written, all forbid such a thought. The idea that man is not to arrive at conditions, at least equally harmonious with those of the inferior animal world, is an insult to his nature, and a libel on the benevolence, or the foresight, of God.

Let us believe, then,—and always act from that belief—that we possess power within, and of ourselves, to develop that state which, in the future, will banish vice, wrong, pollution, and all evil. A Spirit truly baptized of Heaven feels its unity with the whole of Earth, stretching upward into the whole of Heaven, whence it can see that

no sectarian lines were ever drawn by the Universal Father. All are his children. All possess within themselves germs of a divine life. It can not be that one tiny spark of individualized human life can ever perish. All elements, all developments, all laws, are incomplete and nugatory, were Spirit, through any combination of circumstances, to fail of securing its own individuality in the ascending spheres of the Spirit-home.

Within the form of man lies that embryonic power, which, through happier reproductions, and continually progressive harmony, shall yet unfold minds capacitated for the most wonderful works. It may be given them to scan the whole earth at a single glance—to comprehend its multifarious laws—to analyze all substances; and, by decomposing, and recomposing at will, govern the elements, and electrically control Earth itself. That these divine powers are now unfolding in man, we may gather from the experience of every day.

Spirit-influence is hourly at work, breaking up the cold stoicism of the age, and breathing into man the life and energy that shall soon startle the sanctified of Earth, as with a voice of thunder speaking in themselves; and Priest, Bishop, Cardinal, King, Emperor, and Pope, shall awake to know that the "right-divine," on which they found their peculiar assumptions, must be diffused through all Humanity, and that they can rightfully only share it in common with all men—whether high or low—whether rulers or people—whether lords or serfs, whether freemen, or beggars, or slaves.

"Mene Tekel" is already spiritually written on every pulpit, and over every church door in Christendom. Messengers are running to and fro throughout the Earth, searching for a prophet Daniel to read and interpret. But he cometh not. Even the son of a prophet is not within their call. The writing interprets itself. It needs no Latin, Greek, or Hebrew scholar. The secrets that have prompted the crucifying of Christ afresh by churchmen are to be written out in their own sanctuaries; and the world will continue to grow wiser and better thereby.

In the day that approacheth, man will not need to say: "know ye the Lord?" Verily all will read, and understand for themselves. Already we feel kindling within our inner council-chamber; altars of Love, on which shall ever ascend praise and thanksgiving for that communing of spirit which has shed joy over the old desolation of Earth. In the great Future we shall not be said to die. The gate of a truer Life, one after another, shall open for us all. The Bell will soon peal out its last note—and it will be said of me: "Another form has gone to its final resting place;" and in that day may there be no weeping, but only pleasant salutation and cheerful speech; for when a child is born, as there is joy in the homes of men, so when a Spirit is born there is greater joy in the home of Angels. T. S. S.

RANDOLPH, N. Y. March 6, 1853.

The Language of Joy and Sorrow.

We seem to be much better acquainted with the miseries than we are with the happiness of life. This is shadowed forth by the fact that at least in the English language the words to express what is good and pleasurable, are fewer by a great deal than those for the bad and painful. We have colors to paint every shade of wickedness, and strokes for every stage of woe; let the crime be the blackest, we can give it a name; let the cup be the bitterest, we can tell of the very lees. But to tell of the varying lights of pleasure, and all the winning ways of goodness, we are at a loss; and the most we can say of the greatest goodness is, that there is an unknown, an indescribable charm about it; the most that we can say of the highest bliss, that it is unutterable.—[Dallas's Poetics.

A GENERAL loftiness of sentiment, independence on men, consciousness of good intentions, self-oblivion in great objects, clear views of futurity, thoughts of the blessed companionship of saints and angels, trust in God, as the friend of truth and virtue,—these are the states of mind in which I should live.—[Channing.

Facts and Phenomena.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

BOSTON, April 1, 1853.

GENTLEMEN: Permit me to inclose you two communications, which you are at liberty to place in your columns, should they hold that estimate with you which I feel they so richly merit. They were communicated *to*, and written *out* by, a lady in the most quiet walks of life, and who, having unsolicitedly become what is termed a "Medium," shrinks from all publicity as to whatsoever thus mysteriously is transmitted through her.

Yet I have felt that these communications, being of so elevated a character, and coming from a source alike so reliable and unquestionable, might prove welcome to yourselves and to your readers, and therefore have ventured (even without permission) to place them in your hands. Allow me to say, they have had much weight with myself, and touched me most deeply. Regarding, however, as I do, the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg the highest authority on all matters applicable to the spiritual and invisible worlds, I have ever looked on all the present spiritual manifestations and communications with serious distrusts. Not that I have doubted their spiritual origin or nature, but that I have felt that at present man by *sin* was too far removed from Heaven to permit God's angel-ministers to approach him; and that while unregenerate and immersed in evil the purer spirits could not draw near to him. Those influences, therefore, seeming as bright messages of light, *might*, I have thought, be but the emissaries of darker beings,

"Who have stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the devil in."

For these reasons I have ever strenuously avoided all solicitation or reception of spiritual communications, believing them unneeded, unsafe and unreliable. But I am free to confess that those now placed with you startle back in strong measure even my strongest and most religiously cherished convictions. For though I still regard spiritual communications as better to be shrinkingly avoided than in rash temerity sought, I feel at least compelled to believe that there *may be* those whose natures, even though still clad in earth's vestments, are yet so purified and refined that it is permitted them

"With spirits, bright and fair,
To hold mysterious intercourse."

That the present communications may be of such a character, freely am I willing to say; at least nearer do I incline to the belief than lean to the doubt.

I am your friend, very truly, E. B.

COMMUNICATION, NUMBER ONE.

I come to you a medium of Light! Light, which you must transmit for the good of your fellow men. Put not the candle of the Lord under a bushel, but rather place it upon the house-top, that those near at hand shall rejoice in its glory—while those afar off, shall be cherished by its brilliancy. Not *alone* can man glorify God; he must meet his brother man; meet him in the bustle of life, and share with him the gifts of a beneficent Father. Not singly do the stars shine out; but behold they come in multitudes. And does not the grateful shower fall on all? Has God lighted a clearer lamp in one earthly tabernacle, than in another? It is not for the glory of *that member* of the human family; but that *Humanity* may be enlightened, and

His own glory promoted. He permits the vain pride of learning, and the boasting of success for a time. But they soon are overcome with their own littleness, and pass away like the shrivelled leaf of autumn; while the rich fruit sheltered by the that leaf is garnered up for future generations. Where now is the wealth, the power, or fancied greatness, of those, who have passed along the pathway of time, and filled up the measure of earthly renown? It is all melted with the dross of ages! But the *good* wrought out through them, is treasured up in the granary of wisdom; and its seeds have each borne fruit for the healing of the nations! And soon the great Lord of the harvest, will separate the wheat, from the chaff. Time is His labor-field. Ye are His harvest. He is now calling, in new and untried ways, the Faithful. The vintage of His field is not only to be filled with earthly good; for lo! the fruits of the spirit are also to be gathered in.

Deep in the counsel of unerring Wisdom, has the scheme of spiritual communication been laid. He has moved along the mighty plan of spiritual redemption, and led man, by gentle influences to this pleasant path of Peace. First the small seed—then the tender plant—and bye and bye the shock of corn fully ripe, will fill all Heaven with rejoicing. I come with my message of good cheer! I come for the *love* of those who are treading the path once trod by us! all is strong in angel-hearts. We come! For is not the great Father glorified in the glory of His children? The Savior came to redeem man! He came in power, and the mission of His righteousness, has been to all generations! He told of the Comforter which in the fullness of time should come! "Behold! I send my spirit, which shall tell you all things." "Ask and ye shall receive! knock and it shall be opened unto you." I say now to the believing soul, ask freely of spiritual gifts, and as far as ye are *ready* to receive, they are for you. Aye! knock, and the Kingdom of Heaven shall be opened unto you! And are not these new tidings pleading where the sound of mercy never before was heard? And their pleading can not be satisfied. They touch a chord which thrills through every fiber of the soul; nor can it again know peace, 'till it finds it in heavenly truth. Truly knowledge is increased: and many are running to and fro, saying, "who will show us this great good?" Speak as it shall be given you! answer the inquiries, as God shall, through His ministers, inspire! And the small grain shall become the mighty tree, in whose branches the birds of promise shall build their nests, and whose shade shall shelter and protect the weak!

PETER THE HERMIT.

COMMUNICATION, NUMBER TWO.

Yes! my tenderly loved sister? Truly shall you realize the impress of my spirit upon you, while your eyes are raised above, seemingly to catch a glimpse of attending angels, that are hovering near you. Believe they flit ever hither and thither, spreading the halo of imperishable purity about your spirit; and basking in the sun-light of Divine Love, as they fulfill the ministrations of their Heavenly Father, unto whose embrace, all hearts are ever tending. How holy is the sacrifice which they thus make for their kindred upon earth!—to leave their celestial home, where grief and pain are not known, and bear to the souls that weep and suffer, the purest and dearest of all comforts, that God has imparted into them, for this most holy purpose. Angels are there, dear sister, not merely spirits, who have the power of revealing the promised joys of future life. But the angel-cherubim who have become whitened as it were

in the Blood of the Lamb, and dwell near His right hand, who gently repose in His bosom, and sit at His feet ; there are they, who chant praises to God, when their loved ones upon earth, resist evil, and cling to the bright promises of the Father.

Such as my spirit-hand now describeth are as far removed, from the dwellers in our own glorious sphere, as we are removed from those of the earth—who now grovel in darkness unmindful of the heavenly reward in store for the faithful. Mortals have an unjust conception of the position and mission of spirits, after they leave the body, and attain to the first resurrection. In their short-sightedness, they would ascribe to the souls of some immediate blessedness ; while others they would unhesitatingly condemn to eternal wo!—forgetting, in their presumption, that in the sight of the great and glorious Judge, there is not one, that is good ; no, not one ! On this fallacious method of reasoning rest the errors of the proclaimed Church throughout the world. If God thus proscribed his children, as they so often do each other, who should stand before Him with clean hands and pure hearts ? It is for a holy end that God has commissioned his spirits, to visit the earth and present to each and every soul upon it, his divine commands ; it is to banish fanaticism—to make clear his Truth, unperturbed by human prejudices—to lay bare to each soul, the perverseness and the uncharitableness within it ; and teach all that their first duty is to reform themselves ; to remove the structure that is raised up in their souls, founded upon ignorance and selfishness ; and lay the corner stone of one that shall be dedicated to God alone. This is the work of regeneration, which God in his wisdom has commanded shall be fulfilled ; if not by Love and Mercy, list ye ! sorrow stands ready to soften and subdue ! God bestows upon his angels unlimited power ! *They* are permitted to impart a portion of his glorious bestowals upon spirits in the lower spheres, and again to others not so blessed ; and thus the perfect combination of spirit can be realized.

We, who have only reached one of the lower spheres of glory, know not the joys of Heaven ; and can only conceive of them by the foretaste of bliss permitted unto us. The progress is onward and upward forever ! The earth is among the smallest of God's creations, and is only the rudimental sphere of the spirits. To the inhabitants of this glorious sphere, it is but as a grain of sand when contrasted with the eternal Orb of immensity, which is swayed in perfect control by the Creator. Why then should the children of earth rest so securely upon their continuance amid its scenes, and toil for its frail and fading joys ? Why shrink from gazing upon the bright future, as the beauteous scroll is unrolled before their eyes ? If God has given so glorious a world as the banquet hall, wherein are scenes of iniquity and unrighteousness—if He has bestowed such beauteous things to be fading and transient, what must be the eternal home—the unfading joys of Heaven—the resting-place of the pure spirit ? Think not our home is unsupplied with nature's beauties ! You have erroneous ideas of the future state of the spirit. You look for different scenes than are presented before you. This is wrong ! The only difference is, that in the immortal state *nothing perishes—nothing fades !* What is beauteous now is beauteous forever ! The bright Sun of Righteousness gives us light and heat. We live by the divine breath, holy and genial. The smile of God is the life of the spirit, and all things are perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Music have we too!—music far exceeding the music of earth. Heavenly strains from golden harps, touched by angel-fingers,

is the eternal music of the soul. No discord mars its perfect harmony ! But sweetly it stealeth over the spirit, and waketh into being myriads of angel-voices, whose glorious anthems of eternal praises vibrate upon every soul in heaven, and cause the upraising of every voice, uniting in one undying hymn of adoration.

You regret, my sister, that your sphere in life is so limited, that your powers of writing are less marvelous than many. But you should not feel thus. You could not judge for yourself. Your powers of writing *are* equally marvelous with many. That they do not seem so to yourself, is, that your spiritual views are more expanded, and your desires for spiritual knowledge having increased, your powers of attaining such seem much lessened. You will ever feel thus while you dwell upon the earth. The soul encased in the flesh longs to soar beyond its narrow confines. But a complete knowledge of human destiny can never be fully realized until the cord is severed, and the spirit wings its flight to a more congenial sphere. This is wisely ordained by our Heavenly Father. Could you be satisfied on earth, there would be no more desire felt for Heaven. Could your hopes be all realized *now*, you would wish no brighter joys. Could your love experience no interruptions upon the earth, you would not know the bliss of Heaven above. All is wisely ordained, my sister. God is supreme both in wisdom and beneficence. Place your trust in Him, and all that you sigh for now shall be yours. Eternal wisdom ! unfading joys ! a bright inheritance imperishable and pure, shall be the portion of those whose flesh-clad spirit fulfills its destiny ! With uplifted eyes to Heaven, trust and be faithful ! An angel speaks from the high celestial dome. Myriads repeat the phrase, and seal it with their blessing. And will you not be faithful ? If an angel-voice can not stir the soul, and bid it rise in trustful aspirations to God and Heaven, then are ye hopelessly bereft of their presence.

But you will not banish from your spirit those who best love you. No ! within its very depths there lingereth a divine spark, placed there by the Creator who gave it being ; and it is forgotten only because hidden beneath the callous exterior which the world has surrounded mortals with. God be praised ! *there is good in every heart !* What seems oftentimes evil will make the good appear the brighter. We can not forsake you, our loved ones of earth. We shall never leave you, while time rolls on in its ceaseless rounds, and ministering angels exist to bless. As emanations from the Great Spirit, we are all one ! Linked together by a tie inseparable, as vast as the endless chain of being—as mighty as its Creator ! Together we shall unite the loving and beloved. Together bow our spirit in grateful prayer and adoration to God. Together shall our voices rise and mingle with ten thousand tongues before the throne of the eternal and omnipresent One ! Together shall we wander undivided amid the trackless fields of Heaven, and through all Eternity. We shall never have gazed upon *all* that is in store for us—the productions of a Father's love for his loved and faithful children. Will ye not give him, then, your whole and undivided hearts ? Will ye not pray to him, each hour of your mortal pilgrimage ? Will ye not trust Him ? Will ye not be unceasingly grateful to *such* a Father ? Oh ! that ten thousand angels from his glorious throne could fall this moment at your feet, and breathe into your soul the assurances of his love, who sitteth high in the heavens. Then, and only *then*, will your soul realize its dependence upon God, and its unworthiness to be presented before him.



EDITED BY A COMMITTEE.

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And others.

New-York, April 30, 1853.

INTRODUCTORY GREETING.

THE name which designates this paper is perhaps sufficiently significant of its character and objects. One may see at a glance that it can shadow forth no contracted sphere, no limited thought, no *one idea*, but rather the sentiment of Humanity and of the Universe. We send up our flag on which is inscribed this one word—"PROGRESS;" and if we maintain the character which this word implies, as we shall always most zealously seek to do, we may hope to enter into a wide and expansive sphere of usefulness. Our Envoy shall go forth through busy hamlet and crowded city. It shall relieve the scholar in the weariness of his severer duty; it shall cheer the laborer as he turns from the dull and oppressive round of daily toil; it shall seek the lone cottage by the wayside, and visit even the dwellings that light our forest-borders with the smiles of civilization; it shall be passed from hand to hand in shop and office, and be unfolded as a banner of Love by the cheerful fire-light—ever uttering the cabalistic word, "PROGRESS," as the herald of a purer life and a higher destiny.

With regard to the spirit which is to animate this Journal, it is our purpose to be free in the most exalted sense of that term—free not only to utter our own thoughts, but to accept the uttered thoughts of others according to their significance and power,—owing no allegiance to any party, whether religious, political, or moral. Taking up the great sentiment of the age—spiritual freedom—we concede to every individual the right to judge and decide for himself with regard to the truth of his own thoughts and the value of ours. This we conceive to be an inalienable right which no man can ever justly assail or even question; and accordingly our columns shall be open for the elucidation of every subject that may have a bearing on the true interests of the race, while we invite the coöperation of all progressive minds which are moved to labor in the common cause of Humanity. The present age will reveal its own truths, and those truths it is our design to chronicle. In the universal rights of Man—in the equalization of social blessings—in the pure unfoldings of Nature—in the divine revelations

of the inner life—in the increasing developments of Science and the discoveries of Art, will be found themes in which dwell sources of thought, and truth, and wisdom, whose tendency will be to cultivate and strengthen the immortal energies; for, let it be understood, that our object is not merely to elevate the external character and to change the outward condition of individuals, but also to assist in developing the true nature of Man—to lend as we may our feeble aid, in solving the grand enigma of all past ages—THE MYSTERY OF LIFE—to him whose soul sitteth in darkness and knoweth not its own image.

Except in a highly figurative sense, our field of labor will not be a battle-field. The war-spirit does not belong to our sphere. Though it should be considered the prerogative of every free mind to fearlessly expose the errors and corruptions of the world, yet the highest aim of the reformer is not so much to pull down Wrong as to build up Right. The work, therefore, which we seek to do, is to overshadow and finally to exterminate Evil simply by planting and nurturing Good. Believing that the negative forces can never be sustained in a direct collision with the positive, we shall lose no opportunity of multiplying the points of contact, establishing at every step of our progress those principles which, in their very nature, are divine and immutable. It is evident that where true Liberty is, Slavery must die—that where Right is recognized, Wrong must be put to shame—that where Knowledge is received, Ignorance must be banished—and that where Good reigns, Evil must be dethroned. Therefore shall we endeavor to labor in the spirit of a boundless love, regarding crimes and all moral obliquities, not less than exterior malformations, as deformities and misfortunes, for which there can be but one true remedy,—an application of the life and power of Good.

In maintaining these principles, we shall not decry one form of tyranny merely to establish another, and we have no desire to denounce the spiritual domination of others merely because it interferes with our own; neither shall we seek to pull down the Dagon of other men's worship, for the sake of placing our own image on the vacant pedestal; but shall endeavor to sustain and carry out in its widest sense and to its remotest issue, the one great principle embraced in the universal brotherhood of Man. From all the indications of the present age we derive the pleasing assurance with which we labor, that a deeper, freer, and more spiritual thought is abroad in the earth than was ever before conceived—that a governing power in the heavens is impelling and guiding the footsteps of Humanity, by which it must be led to the broad platform of equal rights and equal blessing, whose foundation is established in the deepest law of Nature, and whose pillars are Justice, Truth, and Love.

THE EDITORS.

THE TRUE THEORY AND RIGHT PRACTICE.

Few parents are aware of the vast importance of sending their children to good schools; and very few have any clear ideas of what elements they should consist. As a general thing those schools are most popular which are conducted on the "*pouring in*" system, or which can exhibit the largest amount of mechanical learning, acquired within any given period of time. If parents could know something more of the philosophy involved, they would shun, as a kind of moral pestilence, teachers and schools of this character. If they could understand the analogy between the intellectual and physical systems, they would no more permit their children's

minds to be overtasked, whether by coercion or by the stimulants of praise and ambition, than they would permit the stomach to be overlaid with food. The simplest mother knows very well that if a child eats too much, digestion is impeded, and the system, instead of finding nutriment, is weakened; and that if such a course is continued, permanent disease, or imbecility of the system, is the inevitable consequence.

And so it is with the mental apparatus. Whatever nutriment is furnished should be first called for, by a true and healthy desire, and appetite of the mind, and then it should be in kind adapted to the precise conditions, and in degree, only sufficient to keep the interior forces in a state of healthy activity, just so long as Nature demands that they should be exercised, and not one moment longer.

If the human mind were a mere vessel, of greater or less capacity, composed of inert or dead material, then it might be filled up, and the contents, as it were, laid by for use. But this is not the case. The mind, as manifested through its corporeal phenomena, is a complex system of living organism, which requires only so much of nutriment at any given time as may respond to, and sustain, its own proper vital action. The accumulation of any amount of Facts and Principles, though they may embody all the sciences of Earth or Heaven, is not to be considered as Education, which is, indeed, a directly opposite course.

To fill up the mind, therefore, as if it were a mental storehouse, is not to educate it. Education is development. Its legitimate action is not to *pour in*, but to *bring out*. True scholars are not Memorizers, but Thinkers. The amount learned at any given time is, in one sense, nothing; the MENTAL DISCIPLINE acquired by the process, everything. Facts may be forgotten. Principles may, under some circumstances, lose their significance, or get out of use. But the mental power and vigor, which are excited in the act of learning, never can be lost—never can depreciate in value; for they become incorporated with the whole character, and a portion of the whole power. They are not mechanical. They are vital. All true development is from within, for it is only when the interior forces act freely and naturally on the exterior facts that the mind can be healthfully unfolded, or, in other words, educated.

I am led into these reflections at the present time by having lately seen them wrought out in practice, in the happiest and most beneficial manner. Miss Strickland, who has lately established a school for Young Ladies at Newark, comes very near to a perfect delineation of the above ideal. She not only understands and appreciates her high vocation, which is second to none under Heaven, save that of the mother, but she evinces so true a fitness for the work appointed her, that I am inclined to think the saying: "Poets are BORN, not made," may be extended to Teachers also. Her course of instruction in the common and higher English branches and French, is thorough and complete. Having been taught by Professor Whittaker, of Boston, in his new system of art, she gives particular attention to drawing and designing in pencil, and also to drawing in black and colored crayons; and in these beautiful accomplishments she is not merely a good scholar, but she has the feeling of true genius.

Miss Strickland has been engaged in teaching twelve years in Massachusetts, and for the last five years in the city of Cambridge; and she bears the most honorable testimonials from Professor Felton, of Harvard College, and others of equally good name and place.

The location of her school in the beautiful and salubrious city of Newark, affords a pleasant retreat for young ladies from the larger cities, especially during the summer months; and if the real advantages of the position could only be known, there would be a great enlargement of present boundaries. Young ladies preparing themselves for Teaching would do well to give Miss Strickland a call. Those interested may address, Miss Sarah E. Strickland, Newark, New Jersey. The school is at No. 324 Broad street.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AND THE CLERGY.

REV. CHARLES BEECHER'S REPORT.

THE spiritual "leaven" is at work among the materials which compose the "lump" of orthodoxy; and its operation will continue to increase the amount of substance rendered fit for use. At the semi-annual meeting of the New-York and Brooklyn Association of Congregational Ministers, held in October last, the Rev. Charles Beecher, of Newark, was requested to investigate the claims of the Spiritual Manifestations, and to present a report of his conclusions at the succeeding meeting. Accordingly at the meeting held in this city on the fifth and sixth of April, the Rev. T. K. Beecher, (in the absence of his brother, the author of the report, who is in Europe,) read the paper,—remarking that it was prepared with a very great amount of care and research. The report, which is quite lengthy, will be issued in pamphlet form by Putnam; but its main conclusions are abstracted by the *N. Y. Tribune*, as follows:

1. The idea that these "Rappings," or whatever they may be called, are the product of mere juggle, or intentional imposture, is not to be entertained by any one even imperfectly familiar with facts abundantly verified.
2. The hypothesis that these phenomena have their origin in some hitherto latent action of Electricity, Magnetism, or any other natural and physical force, creates many more difficulties than it overcomes, and is also inconsistent with some of the best attested facts.
3. In like manner, the idea that these phenomena are caused by some unconscious, involuntary mental action of some person or persons still in the body, is equally unphilosophical, equally at odds with the attested facts, and equally open to the objection that it magnifies the marvel it professes to explain. To say that a table, which sustains itself on two legs, or one, or none, at the request of some person near it, and responds intelligently to a dozen various questions as they are asked, is impelled so to act by Electricity, or Magnetism, or some mental impulse of an individual wholly unconscious of such influence, is to assume as true what is incredible, because contrary to the world's uniform experience and to all the known laws of causation.
4. The assumption that disembodied spirits *can not* communicate with persons still in the flesh, is opposed to the whole tenor, not merely of Hebrew and Christian but also of Pagan History. The possibility of such intercourse—nay, the *fact* that it has occurred, has always been believed by the great mass of mankind. The assumption of the moral impossibility of communication between those we call the dead, and individuals still in the body, is fatal to the existence of Christianity as a divinely originated faith, and can not be entertained by any believers, however lax, in the justification of the Scriptures.
5. The phenomena known as Spiritual are really caused by the spirits of the departed, but not by the spirits of the blest. It is essentially one with the *demonic* possession whereof the Gospels often speak—that is, by the control and use of the bodily organs of living human beings by disembodied human spirits, incorrectly termed "devils" in our English version of the scriptures.
6. The fact of the evil character of these modern spirits is demonstrated by their general denial of the Inspiration of the Bible, of the

great fundamentals of Evangelical Christianity, their disinclination toward vital piety, &c., &c. We have in the Bible an infallible test of spiritual pretensions, and whatever contradicts any portion of that Book, or denies it the authority and obedience due to the revealed Word of God, is thereby proved false and diabolic.

It will be seen that Mr. Beecher's reason for denominating the communicating spirits evil, is because of their non-conformity to church-doctrines. But we think a more intimate and extended acquaintance with the manifestations will convince him, and all others, that, while some of the disembodied intelligences are alike fallible with earth-inhabitants, others manifest characters actuated by pure and divine motives. Mr. Beecher is to be admired for the candor and intelligence with which he treated the subject.

OUR ENGRAVING.

A few words of explanation, in plain prose, may be appropriately connected with this subject. In the left foreground will be observed a group, the most prominent figure of which is a sleeper, whose attitude of perfect repose indicates, but too happily, the human soul in what may be called its latent condition—the state of unconsciousness in which a large portion of our Race yet slumber, sunk in a mere animal existence the necessities of the body, or mental enjoyments on a very low plane, comprising their whole range of being. Meanwhile the light is shining abroad; yet the sleeper heeds nothing. An angel-form a little to the right, is endeavoring to rouse one in the same group, who is represented partially awake, by the attitude of the figure; but in the expression of the face, only the lassitude and vague unconsciousness of sleep are seen.

At the right is a mother, sitting with a dead babe in her arms, while an angel is whispering in her ear, and pointing upward, to the source of the light, which is thrown over the whole picture.

In the middle foreground a mother is leading forth her child, in the track of the rising multitudes, who wind along through the back ground and distance, all going out, and up, into the clear light. The idea is a beautiful one; and if we do justice to our name, it may be for us a good prophet of the Future.

THE DESIGNER.—For this beautiful design we are indebted to Miss ANNETTE BISHOP, a young lady whose fine artistic powers are not usually exercised in this line. As a **MINIATURE PAINTER**, which is properly her profession, she combines qualities which do not usually characterize the same genius, strength of conception, breadth of expression, grace of delineation, a delicate perception of the Beautiful, and a true feeling for Art. It may well be asked, when the morning is so bright and full of promise, what will be the full power of maturity, the glory of the meridian day!

In speaking thus of the designer, it must not be supposed that we are without grateful recollections of our engraver—Mr. A. H. JOCELYN, of this city—to whom we are indebted for the skillful and artistic execution of the design itself; and we feel assured that, from the specimen of his work presented at the head of our paper, his previous reputation will not be lessened.

Any paper that will copy our prospectus published on the last page, the same being sent to this office, shall be entitled to the *Journal* for one year.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SEERESS OF PREVORST; being revelations concerning the inner life of man, and the inter-diffusion of a World of Spirits, in the one which we inhabit. Communicated by Justinus Kerner, chief Physician at Weinsberg. Translated from the German by Mrs. Crowe. New York: PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.

There is, perhaps, no work on Spiritual Phenomena, in a popular and cheap form, that embraces so large a variety of interesting subjects illustrated by remarkable facts, as this. That it may be accepted as a work of entire truthfulness, so far as the integrity of the parties was concerned, there can be no doubt. The well-known character of Kerner, and the condition of the Seeress, who for many years hovered on the brink of the grave, alike forbid any imputation of fraud. But that the diseased state of the patient, or her own want of a large and generous development, might have affected and modified her spiritual impressions, appears something more than probable. The opinion which she maintains in regard to Hades or the middle state, the efficacy of amulets, of the prayers of a second person, or one in the form, to deliver a soul from such a thrall—the idea that the vicious and ignorant sink into lower depths in the next sphere than while on Earth, and some other points which she maintained, would hardly be sustained by the communications of highly developed spirits, or an enlightened philosophy.

There seems to be in the ordinary clairvoyant, or spiritual condition, when the subject becomes a mere medium, a complete extinction or absorption, for the time, of all individual merits, or traits of character, only a certain fitness of constitution being required; and if this state is maintained, no very exalted condition can be reached. But the great effort, in all these processes, seems to be the unfolding of the inner light in the normal condition of the system. This interior principle becomes incorporated with all the faculties, and assists in developing all the powers, healthfully and harmoniously; and this, as it not only admits, but demands the positive character of the individual, must be the highest condition into which the spirit can enter during its earthly sojourn.

This book is a neat pamphlet of 120 pages, price 38 cents. postage six cents.

THE ESCULAPIAN, a monthly medical paper for the people; edited by D. Griswold, M. D.

This is a neat and well printed sheet of eight pages, folded in quarto form, with a printed cover. So far as it goes against quack medicines, we can go with it, very cheerfully—and a great deal further. We believe that the substances known as medicines, without any regard to the character of the compounders and venders—or whether they bear the image and superscription of Cæsar or not, have caused far more mischief in the world than all the diseases, and therefore we can see little good in the strictly medical character of the work—and most especially as it adheres to the oldest and worst form of the great Evil. We believe the Water-Cure, as a whole, is the best system of treatment; but better far than this is that recuperative energy in the human system, which, in connection with a careful attention to the laws of life and health, as a preventive, and mere rest—repose of the whole system—or magnetism as a remedy, would, in almost all cases, even now, restore the human system, and leave it in a better state than any medicine, and in a truer condition of things, would be universally accepted as the only needful restoratives. Why not, then, go

back to first principles, and teach these laws? Let only a proper attention to diet, cleanliness, and rest be given, and there would seldom be a necessity of sending for the doctor; and the *Esculapian*, itself, as the exponent of the great philosophy of life, would work out influences, and unfold powers, as wonderful as were manifested by its illustrious name-sake, who, it will be remembered, was a "Botanical doctor," having been initiated into *that* system by his master, the learned Chiron.

The kind and gentlemanly Editor will see that it is not possible to speak otherwise than in this way, and will accept our best wishes that he, with the rest of the world, may emerge from the old slough into that more perfect condition, when the human form will continually generate within itself all essential powers of preservation and healing—when a few simple remedies for extreme cases—the power and use of which every one may understand—will be all that we shall need; and the world will find better and truer work for those happy men, who have left their old and worn-out professions behind.

To the Friends of Reform.

We send this number of the *Journal* to several thousand persons who are not subscribers, in the hope that they will become such, on being made acquainted with the design and objects which are held in view in this publication. In a cause where the sympathies of all advanced minds should be united, we have reason to call for the coöperation of all true friends of reform; and it is therefore desired that persons in different localities who feel an interest in the promulgation of the Truth as it is unfolded in Nature, will act as agents in procuring subscriptions for "THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS."

Our Contributors.

It will be seen by a reference to our list of contributors, that we have engaged the services of several progressive and advanced minds, whose ministrations may be expected, from their well-known spirit and power, to further in an important degree the objects contemplated in this Journal. Other individuals whose names do not appear have signified their willingness to contribute to our columns; and we are assured that the emanations from their spirits will have a direct bearing on the cause of human progress, and will be received with an internal pleasure by those who are now seeking for the light.

Spiritual Convention.

A convention of spiritual believers was held at Springfield, Mass., on the 6th and 7th of April last. The legitimate proceedings of the Convention were conducted with order and decorum, and the general tone of the meeting was of a highly liberal and practical nature. Interesting addresses were delivered by S. J. FINNEY, ADIN BALLOU, A. J. DAVIS, and others, which were characterized by a rational and reformatory spirit.

To News Agents.

As we intend to render the *Journal* attractive to large classes, News Agents and dealers in periodicals, will find it an advantage to send us their orders, which will be answered with the most liberal terms.

Polite Literature.

[Original.]

THE BRAZILIAN HEIRESS; A HISTORY OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

CHAPTER I.—THE LADY CECILE.

GEORGE BIRNETTE was a young Englishman of good mind and agreeable person; and though of humble origin, the respectability of his parentage, and the fine powers he began early to unfold, commended himself and one brother, who were the only children of their parents, to the notice and patronage of a nobleman, on whose estate the elder Birnette was steward.

After they had passed through the Grammar and Latin schools, George was placed in a large mercantile house in London, while Simon, who very early had shown a decided taste for parchments, was put to a famous solicitor, who engaged to bring the young plebeian forward as an attorney.

Nothing could be more unlike than the character of these two brothers. Simon, the elder, was cold, reserved, and formal, while George early made his way into the favor of his employer, and of society in general, with almost unexampled rapidity. There was a charm about him which threw down the artificial boundaries of rank and fashion, as if he had been gifted with a magic power; and though happily for him, fortune-hunting mamas did not lay their superficial traps in any of his paths, yet he was a general favorite. Whist-playing dowagers, to whom his ready gallantry was always serviceable, would whisper each other, "What a very agreeable and proper young man!" Merchants noticed his business capabilities, and promptness in all things; nobles, his gentlemanly air; scholars, his unassuming intelligence and modest ambition for improvement; while young ladies could not well avoid comparing him with persons of much higher claims, in the estimation of mothers, at least. Yet this charm of manner was not the effect of a blind subserviency, but the joint influence of a true self-respect and a very impressible temperament. It was, in fact, the attractiveness of a high and noble nature.

The result may be anticipated. He became acquainted with the Lady Cecile Deroux, the accomplished daughter of a French nobleman; and he loved her with characteristic ardor, and intensity of feeling. Indeed he became so infatuated, that he felt obliged, in honor, to withdraw from her society. The conscientious young man, perceiving how wide was the distance Fortune had placed between them, voluntarily absented himself from the presence of his charmer for several weeks; and though he suffered much in the privation, he determined to act honorably, at all hazard. He had never suspected that the attraction could be mutual, until, by the hand of a confidential servant, he received a note from Cecile, inquiring into the reason of his absence. There was so much of true and tender feeling couched in the modest language of the little missive, as left no doubt in the mind of the young man, in regard to the response to an affection, which he had never dared to cherish in himself, much more seek to excite in her. All this was plain, even if no other testimony had been subjoined to that of the letter; but the good matronly nurse, who was its bearer, with ill-disguised anxiety of manner, assured Mr. Birnette that her young mistress had been quite ill, leaving the cause to suggest itself.

What could be done? He had become prepared and willing, as it were, to suffer himself; but how could he involve another in suffering, and most of all his dear Cecile! for though heretofore he had scarcely felt himself worthy to kiss the hem of her garment, she was now presented in that light.

He hastened to visit her. A confidential interview was secured through the old servant. Mutual explanations left nothing to doubt. To do the young man justice, he struggled hard for what he conceived to be his integrity. But what could such a cold affair as mere reason, in any form, do against the young, beautiful, and single-hearted Cecile,

with all her dangerous fascinations, both active and passive? Nothing; or so at least it proved. She would not listen to his objections, but very simply told him that she was not ambitious—that she preferred happiness to display—that she had a small income of her own right—and much more, which it is not necessary to repeat.

They were married privately. As might be expected the haughty old noble would not even see his daughter, who had so cruelly disappointed his hopes; for as his high rank was not counterpoised by his worldly goods, he had looked to the beauty of his only daughter as the almost certain investment of a commensurate fortune, which would be paid over some day, by a rich English son-in-law.

Mr. Birnette lost his position in the mercantile house, where his fortune had been considered as securely founding itself; and for a time he and his young wife lived very prudently in obscure lodgings, supported by the income of the latter. Yet the heart of the true woman never faltered. She had implicit faith in the capacity of her husband; and the event proved that her reason, or her instincts, were not at fault. Young Birnette, stung to the quick by the insults which had been heaped on his gentle wife, when she humbly sued for pardon at the feet of her father, and her exasperated brothers, resolved that he *would* place her in a position where she, in turn, might look down on them. Nor was he long without an opportunity to carry out his plans.

A company was formed for the purpose of establishing a large trading house in Brazil, where rapid and brilliant fortunes were beginning to be made; and Mr. Birnette, by the influence of an old merchant, who had the acumen to perceive his capacity for conducting an extensive business, was invited to join them. An arrangement was thus effected, in which Birnette became general agent of the company; and thus his labor was invested for him in the place of money.

The business having been completed, Mr. Birnette, accompanied by his young wife, sailed for Rio Janeiro, where he took up his residence; and the event more than realized the most extravagant expectations. In five years he had acquired a princely fortune.

Having become much attached to the country, the English trader, now Don George, instead of returning to England, as he had intended to do when the object of his expatriation should have been accomplished, retired to a beautiful Fazenda, in that most magnificent of the suburbs of the city, Gloria, which was the favorite residence of the royal and noble families, distinguished foreigners, and the diplomatic corps. It was, in short, the VERSEILLES of Rio Janeiro, with a more beautiful ST. CLOUD resting in the shadows beyond. It commanded one of the finest views of Botofogo bay, and mount Corcovado. There Don George reared a palace, in a light pavilion-like style of architecture, whose beauty and richness could vie with that of Christovao, itself.

But splendor could not heal the wounded heart of the tender Cecile. Though surrounded by every thing that wealth could purchase, enhanced by all that was loveliest in nature, she drooped, like an uprooted flower. She had that strongly adhesive nature that never can be violently detached from its tenacious hold, without suffering vital injury. So long as her husband had been engaged in acquiring that fortune which was to reestablish her in Europe, she was content; but when she found that his determination was changed, though she said nothing, yet the secret disappointment of her long-cherished hopes was fatal. She yearned—she had yearned for years, with the deep devotion of a truly filial heart—to throw herself once more at the feet of him, who had been in all things save one, only too loving a parent. She would cling to his knees until he should revoke the deadly curse, and give her instead thereof, his blessing, or at least bless her child. She would offer him a share of that fortune, which through an unpopular and rejected alliance, she had really won. In the midst of all her happiness, this secret disappointment preyed like a canker-worm on her young heart; and she pined away, like a tender flower in the bright sunshine, or a bird in the season of song; and none knew the reason. Indeed, she hardly suspected it herself; for she was too purely generous and noble in her nature, to be conscious of cherishing a wish for herself alone.

Never for one moment had she even regretted the union, which, in its commencement, had seemed so ill-starred; for her wedded happiness was of that rare purity, which left nothing to regret, nothing to amend, nothing to wish for—except what only gave zest to the halcyon pleasures that always hovered over her. She alone felt conscious of her approaching dissolution. Her husband resolutely shut his eyes against every conviction; yet when the little Theodosia, their only child, had just completed her sixth year, she lay down, as one sinking into a sweet sleep—and awoke no more to the scenes of Earth; and her desolate husband, paralyzed by the suddenness of the blow, almost surrendered himself to despair. And what greatly enhanced his sorrow was, that he had begun to suspect the cause of his wife's malady, just before its fatal termination, and was already making preparations for his return to Europe; when the blow fell on him with a double weight, for this consciousness—that he *might* have saved her.

Gradually, however, the endearing prattle of his child won him from his grief; and then all the intense depth of love in his widowed heart, was concentrated on her. Fortunately, her temperament and constitution were of that rare harmony, which, whether it results from a perfect equipoise of the qualities generally, or from something sweet and beautiful in their particular development, forms the happiest and most admirable basis of character. Indulgence which would have rendered almost any other child selfish and exacting, only made her more loving, generous and self-forgetting.

CHAPTER II.—THEODOSIA.

As the Donna Cecile was a Catholic, it had been agreed between herself and husband, that should they ever have children, the boys should be educated in the faith of the father, and the girls in that of the mother. Theodosia, therefore, must be a Catholic. At first the idea that any barrier must lie between his heart and that of his child, was painful in the extreme. But he was no bigot; and living in a country where only Catholic forms of worship were tolerated, and, from his deep reverence, feeling the necessity of worship in some form, he was, not less for his child's sake than his own, a zealous attendant on the outward ordinances of religion. Rejecting every thing that was bitter and hostile to the spirit of the Divine Master, he daily came to feel, more and more, the power of the intrinsic over the superficial—of spirit over mere forms.

Don George religiously adhered to the terms of his marriage covenant. Soon after the demise of his wife, Theodosia was placed under the spiritual guardianship of Padre Luez, a Jesuit of distinguished learning and piety, untainted by that gross bigotry which deforms the character of so many of his brethren, while he was no less remarkable for great purity of feeling, integrity of mind, and an endearing suavity and gentleness of manner. He also, by recommendation of the Padre, associated with him Madam Laurette of New-Orleans, whose varied accomplishments were forgotten in her sweetness, gentleness, and charming vivacity of character. And with all her brilliancy, the excellent matron, as far as possible, supplied the place of a mother to the tender orphan. It would seem, indeed, as if the child had worn a charmed life, and that nothing evil could approach her, so zealously was she guarded—so wonderfully happy and fortunate were all her relations; and if ever human child deserved such regard, it was Theodosia.

As her beauty, both of mind and person, rapidly unfolded, she became not only the joy of her doating parent, and hardly less idolizing Tutor and Governess, but the wonder of all who knew her. It is difficult to imagine a more lovely being than she was at the age of ten years. In her the features and character of both parents were happily combined. She had the large blue eyes of the father, but they were deepened by the dark shadows, and lustrous with the light that lit her mother's. There was the broad intellectual forehead of the father, with the delicately penciled brow, the thick drooping lashes, and aquiline nose of the mother. In her hair, too, the bright saffron hue of the ancient Saxon, gleamed through the raven blackness of the Celtic, yet so coyly, you might scarcely tell whether it were really there; for only when the light fell on the rich sweep of curls, did the glistening gold betray its presence; and even then, one might think the momen-

tary buraish was an illusion of the sun-shine. Every motion was instinct with the native grace, every feature was radiant with the early vivacity of her mother.

She had the dignity of manner, the grasp and capacity of mind that distinguished her father, softened and etherealized by the almost angelic sweetness of the mother; while deeper than all, though as yet undiscovered—for clouds in the clear sunshine are dispersed, or latent—she had the intense devotion of soul—the determined energy of will—the power to do, dare, and suffer patiently, which were also the combined gift of both parents. As her mind developed itself, the religious sentiment unfolded with almost preternatural force and activity. She entered into the solemn rites of the church with a depth of earnestness, which showed that she, at least, could not be chained to Earth by the worldly pomp and splendor of worship. But her young soul took itself wings; and outsoaring all the external, the meretricious, went up into the spirit-realms, with its own sweet incense of worship, unsullied and unchecked by the superstition and darkness of others. The light of Truth shone directly into her mind, as the rays of Love into her heart; and devotion was to her an impulse free and natural, as the unfolding of flowers, or the singing of birds.

And did her father ever regret that they were sundered by this great religious barrier, which mere sectarians feel so painfully? or were they sundered thereby? Hand in hand they went to pay their devotions at the same altar, morning and evening. But did one go to worship pictures, or carved images, and the other to unfold a formula of the Church of England? No one could have surmised it as they were seen kneeling together. Their loving hearts, unfettered by creed or dogma, seemed really drawn more closely together for the external difference. With the same serene, deep, and liberal faith, they went out into the life of the same Savior—up into the bosom of the same Father—while the same guardian angels whispered peace to both; and no shadow lay between soul and soul.

It is not a desire for good, but a thirst of domination, which drives men asunder in their so-called religious feeling and worship. It is not love, but hatred, which makes them bigots; for among all true worshippers there is absolute unity.

With all these external advantages, Theodosia combined a wonderful precocity of genius, which made it necessary to restrain her continually, lest the too rapid development of her mental powers should transcend that of the physical, and thus endanger her life. She seized the spirit of things, as if by intuition. The severest lessons of Padre Luez were penetrated at once. She perceived, learned, reflected, and digested, while others would scarcely have approached the subject; but of all studies, that of the natural forms around her, and especially flowers, most delighted her. This last was highly gratifying to her teacher, who was an ardent naturalist; but it some times disturbed the equanimity of Madame Laurette, whose housewifely habits occasionally got the better even of her indulgence, which, in other respects, was unbounded. She was annoyed by the loads of plants and herbs with which the ardent little devotee always came back laden from her herborising expeditions, in which she was attended by as numerous a train as some foreign prince or ambassador. Madame Laurette said she could easily see why Theodosia should love to gather, and preserve, beautiful flowers; but that she should persist in loading the house with ugly weeds, many of them, as far as she could see, having no flowers at all, was incomprehensible.

"O, it is her taste," said Don George, with great lenity pardoning the strictures on his favorite; "and besides, it is very innocent—and the exercise is very good for her. Indeed, if her mind had not taken this turn, instead of to the abstract sciences, I doubt if she could have survived its full development. Do you not see, my dear Madame, how strong and vigorous she is getting, and how very different she is in character, as well as habits, from the passive and wholly negative females of this most indolent clime?"

This was an unanswerable argument; and directly after, the Don farther conciliated the feelings of Madame Laurette, by constructing an extensive suite of rooms for the collections of his daughter.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE ARTS.

THE SYLVAN AGE.

BY WILFRID WHIPPLE.

A JUST conception of the progress and influence of Art can only be obtained by going back to the earliest stages of human history, and taking a view of society in its simplest and rudest forms. In the nature of man were first deposited the latent germs of all Science, and all Art. To the development of these some of his first impulses must have tended; but they necessarily had relation to his immediate physical necessities. As the first patriarchs sat beneath the shadow of their vines, they beheld the ripe fruits dropping from the laden bough, and their feet, obeying the impulse of the will, carried them to the spot. They ate, and were refreshed. But when the midday sun looked down with his intense and vertical beams, they grew sore athirst.

Again they looked abroad, and beheld the clear water, gushing cool and invitingly from the living spring; and bending their lips to the liquid crystal, they drank until their thirst was assuaged. But this inclined position was both unnatural and painful to the upright form of man; so they sometimes dipped up the water and drank from the palms of their hands. By another step they folded the large leaves, into a cup-like form, and received the beverage from them. But these were transient, and not always near. Even then the inventive power, stirred by the ever suggestive spirit, was thrilling on the finger-tips of that cunning organ, the hand, which had already learned something of the wondrous functions connected with its destiny. At first it was reached forth somewhat vaguely; but a luxuriant gourd vine being fortunately near, a small and well shaped fruit won the attention. It was seized; an aperture was made with a sharp stone. It was hollowed out; and behold the first drinking cup, the primary utensil, was formed.

In the very first days of their being, the birds built their nests, the ant measured and arched her subterranean halls, and the beaver threw up his ramparts, with a nicety and art which no subsequent time has improved; and the cells of the bee, in the first swarming-place, were geometrically exact as now. But man had no fixed habitation; and the lord of all the earth wandered with no equivalent means of shelter, while all other animals had attained, not only comfort, but luxury, in their several homes; for he was made a being of education and progress, and his character, to be positive, must be the result of experience.

As the rainy season came on, the first families of Earth found the leafy covert of the grove but an ineffectual shelter, and they withdrew to caves, and apertures in the earth and rocks. But the chills could not be wholly excluded; and the garments, which were first wrought of leaves, were exchanged for others made of the inner bark of trees.

In a period of extreme want, from the scarcity of fruits, they found that the flesh of animals was good for food; but as these were gifted with powers of flight beyond themselves, necessity suggested stratagem, and so came the invention of snares, and traps, which were first constructed of the branches and fibrous bark of trees. But for the most part, their snares were successful only against small animals, while the larger and stronger easily broke through them, and fled. Against these they next aimed stones and clubs; but this was an uncertain mode of provision; and besides, by permitting the wounded to escape it involved needless torture.

At this juncture, a hunter of livelier genius than his companions, came forward with an important invention. For weeks he had appeared unsocial, and strange, in all his habits; and during the rainy season he had wandered away alone. The first principles of Mechanics and Philosophy were unfolding themselves in his untutored mind, and he had been studying them, and experimenting by himself in a remote cave. He had observed the elastic power of some kinds of wood. By repeated trials he choose the best of these; and improved on the idea of the fibrous cord, and the sharp stone, which had already been used as a cutting instrument, he finally produced a bow, and the arrow with its heavy and pointed head. With these he practised some time before his invention was made known, in order to acquire skill in their management. Then suddenly he came forth from his hiding-place.

The rains had ceased ; and the clear Morning looked on the young earth, in all the freshness of her primal beauty. He had summoned the people from their caves, and they gathered together with all the eagerness of expectation ; for curiosity was a yet unsated passion, and it burned with unquenchable ardor. The inventor came forward with a proud and elastic step, into the midst of his tribe, who were assembled on the summit of a hill. But when they saw the instrument which he bore in his hand, their eyes dilated with astonishment, and they gathered themselves together with a feeling of awe.

Below stretched a pleasant valley ; and in the midst of it a herd of the gentle deer were feeding on the tender herbage. The majestic leader of the train, snuffing the tainted air, lifted up his antlered brow, and looked wistfully on the human gathering. The shaft was set on the tightened string ; and, sped by a strong hand, and a true eye, the winged death flew to its fatal rest ; and in a single instant the noble stag fell, panting and struggling, to the earth ; while the triumphant shout of the people drowned the rushing noise of their footsteps as the astonished animals fled in terror.

In their simple admiration the people prostrated themselves before their gifted brother, and were fain to worship him. Ever after they who had been his equals became his slaves, and when he died, they held his memory in great veneration. And so first awoke in the human mind the principle of deification, and along with this the spirit of emulation, the desire of celebrity, and the thirst of fame.

It happened also in those days, that a company of hunters came across a leopard, in the act of seizing a small animal, since known as the dog. By a simultaneous discharge of arrows the mottled foe was killed, and his trembling prey rescued with a very slight injury. The first thought was to dispatch the sufferer at once, for his life certainly appeared of little consequence ; but moved by a sentiment of pity, one of the men entreated for his life. He took the creature home, and dressed his wounds. The affectionate and adhesive nature of the dog became excited. He licked his preserver's hand. He looked up in his face with eyes that spoke the deepest sentiment of gratitude. He was young and gentle and as he regained his health he evinced the strongest attachment to his master, and his intelligence began to be developed. He soon learned to come at a call, to guard the children from serpents and other noxious animals that surrounded their dwelling, and to follow his master in the chase, and assist in securing the game. So the character of the dog, and his natural fitness for the companionship of man, became early known.

At another and later period, as several men were returning at noon-day from a hunting expedition, they passed along the side of a ledge of rocks. It happened that a piece of iron that had found its way from the earth, and lodged in a cleft, was struck forcibly by a stone, which one of the hunters was scaling at a bird, and so dashed against a sharp rock before it, when directly several sparks of fire were produced by the concussion. The hunters drew back, aghast, inquiring one of another, by signs, and gestures, and the few words they could then command, if some fragment of the sun had not fallen from the sky ; while others again thought that some fearful monster, or evil being, had come up from the earth to devour them, and that the sparks were the flashings of his eyes ; for superstition had, even then, peopled every unknown region with nameless Terrors.

But astonishment was changed to horror, when they beheld smoke issuing from a heap of dried herbage on which the sparks had fallen, and almost immediately a bright flame bursting forth. They fled, uttering the most piercing cries. But one of them, more courageous than the others, turned against the foe ; and having no other weapon, dashed a gourd-bottle, which happened to be full of water, into the midst of the fire, and completely extinguished it. So great, however, was the terror of his companions, that they would not be persuaded to return, and bear witness to his victory.

It might be interesting, if not instructive, to trace the development of this story, as it grew in magnitude and terror, during all the subsequent rainy season. It was told with hushed voices, and all emphatic signs of the deepest horror ; and children nestled close by their mothers during the rehearsal. The timid and imaginative saw the terrible

Flame-spirit, with his hot breath, and his cloven tongues, dancing on the black walls of the cave, at the deep and solemn hour of mid-night ; and the spot where he had been seen was avoided, as an accursed place.

But one of them being of a reflective turn of mind, took no part in these exaggerations. He recurred to the subject with still increasing interest ; and when the chilly rains came on, he compared the sensations he then felt, with those he had experienced when he approached the fire ; and he very naturally reflected that if he could re-produce the feeling of warmth, at that moment, it would be extremely comfortable ; and the more he reflected on it, the more reasonable it seemed. He revisited the spot, and carefully examined the premises ; for by good fortune he was the very one who had not only occasioned the accident, but has also extinguished the fire. He found the identical piece of metal, and struck it with great force against the rock, as he remembered something had done before ; but no sparks were emitted. Totally dissatisfied with the result, he again examined the rock, when he perceived that there were embedded in the coarser masses, small portions of a harder texture, and a finer grain. He struck the iron against one of these, when to his great joy sparks came forth. Again repeating the experiment, with some dried fern, which he had prepared for tinder, suitably laid, he soon succeeded in kindling a flame. This he fed with more solid portions of wood ; and then he sat himself down, and luxuriated in the generous warmth of his discovery.

But when the people beheld him sitting there, as it were communing with the monster face to face, they began to cast stones at him ; for they verily believed that he was leagued with the Evil one—a kind of treatment, let me observe in passing, which the world, in all ages, has been wont to bestow on its benefactors. But he made signs to them to desist ; and then immediately extinguished the fire, with water which he had taken care should be at hand. It was long before the people quite shook off their fear ; but when they saw that it was subject to the will, and could be quenched, and reproduced at pleasure, they gathered courage : and led by their more intelligent brother, they soon brought it to their habitations. After a time they began to convert it to culinary purposes, in the cooking of roots and flesh, which were first roasted. So men came to know the use and the art of managing fire ; and in this manner passed the SYLVAN AGE.

[Original.]

THE ANGEL'S SONG OF PROGRESS.

WRITTEN TO ILLUSTRATE THE DESIGN AT THE HEAD OF THIS PAPER.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Wake, O, Sleeper ! day is dawning !
Early light is now abroad ;
Greet the lovely eyes of Morning,
Radiant with the smile of God.
Life and Beauty, Love and Joy
Whose rich fruits can never cloy,
Depths of wisdom unexplored—
Purest Goodness unadored—
Invite thee forth. Then wake—and be
The ruler of thy destiny.

Wake ! for thou too long hast slumbered ;
The sun already mounts above ;
Blessings ope, like flowers unnumbered,
To the thrilling lips of Love ;
Yet thy sleep seems ever firmer ;
Wake ! and hear the insects murmur ;
“ We are happy, as we stray,
Drinking honey all the day ! ”
Rise ; and work ; and thou shalt see
There is honey, too, for thee.

Didst thou hear the whispering angel,
Breathing gently in thine ear,
One deep word—a new evangel ?
It is time to wake and hear,—
“ PROGRESS ”—In that thrilling sound
Thy eternal fate is bound,
All of beauty, truth, and power—
Life of ages—or an hour—
By undying links, are wrought
Ever round this master-thought !

Upward-progress—halting never—
Is the watchword of the hour;
This shall govern thee forever,
With a strong, resistless power!
Slumberer! couldst thou only know
All the pleasure wasted so,
Thrilling with a joy intense,
Thou wouldst break the thrall of sense,
And revoke the deadly ban,
By the strength and pride of man.

Blessings for thee, mourning mother!
For thy tears are gone astray;
Cease thy weeping, though another
Of thy buds hath dropped away.
Lo! yon Paradisal bowers,
Bright with Earth's transplanted flowers!
Ah! how lovely is the light,
Opening floods of rich delight—
Opening depths of beauty rare—
Seest thou not thy blossom—there?—

Saddening though it be, fond weeper!
In the heavy hour of Doom,
Thus to hold the little sleeper,
Pallid with his perished bloom!
Yet believe; there's joy before us;
Pleasures thrill in Nature's chorus!
Bid thy heart, with sorrow quaking!
Look above, where light is breaking!—
Mark that lifted finger fair,
For thy sleeper waketh—there!—

Onward, with a care maternal,
Happy Leader of thy boy,
For with budding flowers diurnal
Shall expand thy living joy!
Now unfolding from the night
Clearer, deeper, burns the light!
He shall catch the kindling rays
To inspire his early days;
He shall love in thee the Good
For thy own true motherhood!

Light o'er this broad Earth is streaming!—
Floods of hope are now unsealed;
For the sun of Truth is beaming,
Rich with wisdom unrevealed.
Would ye in the shadows stay?
Up! and out into the day!
See! the gathered throngs are moving:
And the light, so fair and loving,
With its glory has imbued
All that happy multitude!

Sing the lark-song; "Higher! higher!"
Seek the amaranthine flowers!
Chant the spirit-anthem nigher!—
Nigher the Elysian bowers!
Hear the great earth-chorus ringing!
Winds, and birds, and brooks are singing!
Hear the heavenly music lyral!—
Up through the expanding spiral,
And with thy last breath aspire
To Spirit-life—still murmuring, "Higher!"

[Original.]

A VISION.

In the still-watches of the night I heard a low sweet tone—
So soft, so tremblingly it came, I deemed it first thine own;
And yet why callest thou, I thought—she sleepeth far from here;
And the voice I heard so gently hushed, breathed close upon my ear.

I gazed forth from the casement; the moon was shining still—
Its clear cold light was bathing the valley, stream, and hill;
And I listened, wondering greatly, from whence the sound that came
But now upon my slumber, and seemed to call my name.

As I looked upon the beauty of the clear and quiet skies,
A mist seemed taken quickly from these dim yet longing eyes—
Borne on the rays of yonder star a spirit seemed to glide,
In its bright seraphic beauty, close to my trembling side.

"Come, come with me, beloved!" methought it seemed to say—
"On my bosom cradled gently, I will bear thee far away—
Thou hast done with earth forever—its sorrow, and its strife,
And mayst enter now the portals, of a holier, higher life.

"It is not dark or fearful, the path that lies before,
Light, glorious light, breaks round thee, that fadeth never more;
Glad are the sparkling waters that, rolling far between,
Shall bear thee to the happy land which mortal ne'er hath seen."

Quick dropt this mantle from me—this mortal veil, that hides
Those bright, those heavenly mansions, where the Lord of Love abides—
Quick sprang this happy spirit, as with light and joyous feet,
The early lost, the early loved, in that blessed land to meet.

They come; they gather round me; they welcome home the dove
To that safe, that well-tried shelter, the blessed Ark of Love!
They had watched the dark cloud threaten this frail, this feeble form,
And joyed to see it safe at last, beyond the driving storm.

Was it thy voice whose music I heard amid the throng?
Was it thy gentle accents that joined the angel's song?
No! lingering yet awhile on earth, I knew thou waited still,
Submissively and trustingly, thy mission to fulfill.

But oh, for me—for me—what bliss! my earthly task was o'er!
Tempted, and tried, and oh, how weak! this heart should be no more.
I had seen all things darkly here, and oft with faith had striven,
But there the mists were rolled away; *for all is clear in Heaven.*

* * * * *

How fades that glorious vision! I start—I gaze around;
But still earth's care-worn fetters about my soul are wound;
The angel tones that thrilled me are silent now—are flown—
And 'neath the stars,—the far-off stars—I feel I stand alone.

Was it a dream, this vision, it could not—could not be!
It was a glimpse of Heaven that God has shown to me!
It was a foretaste of that bliss which soon may fill my breast,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary at rest."

META.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Summary of Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

WITH the commencement of our summary of foreign news, we find Europe (as reported by the steamer Europa) in a state of external peace. The recent stirring events, which were looked upon with so much interest, have been succeeded by at least an outward calmness; but a permanent rest can hardly be expected.

MANY of the participators of the late insurrection in Italy, have been executed, and others imprisoned and cruelly treated; and the work of punishment and persecution is still continued.

TURKEY has conceded to Russia her recent demands, among which is reported to be the right of protecting the Greek church in Palestine; but whether these demands upon Turkey cease with this, is doubtful.

THE Spanish government has proclaimed the freedom of a large number of the negro slaves in Cuba, known as *emancipados*; which were a class taken from Africa, but prevented by Great Britain from being consigned to perpetual slavery.

At Heidelberg, an American lady, Mdme. Hitzfeld, who had shown much political excitement during the revolutionary movement in Baden, in 1849, was arrested, under the charge that she had been heard speaking with much independence on the subject of the attempted murder of the Emperor of Austria. Several revolutionary papers were found in her baggage.

THE Pope of Rome is coming to France, for the coronation and consecration as Emperor of Louis Napoleon, and Empress Eugenia, which, according to all rumors, would take place in August.

HERR VON PARMEWITZ, the inventor of the process of making wool from pine trees, has recently presented to the King of Prussia specimens of paper made of the same material.

THE butcher Hanau is dead. Among his MSS. was found a history of the Hungarian war, which will be published.

DOMESTIC.

THE Pacific Mail steamer Tennessee, recently went to pieces on the shore near San Francisco. All on board, with the mails, were saved.

Great fears are entertained that the Vanderbilt steamship Independence is lost with all her passengers and crew, as her arrival at San Francisco has been vainly expected for three weeks. She had on board 450 passengers.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The undersigned, in concurrence with a resolution of the Massachusetts Temperance Convention, respectfully invite the friends of Temperance in each State and in Canada, to appoint some person or persons to meet in the city of New-York, on Thursday, the 12th of May next, at 9 A.M., to make arrangements for the holding of a great Temperance Convention in said city, during the World's Fair. Place of meeting will be duly notified. All communications relative to such Convention may be addressed to Rev. E. W. Jackson, Philadelphia. [Signed by thirteen eminent temperance men from different parts of the Union.]

A COLONIZATION SOCIETY has been formed in Livingston County, whose objects are announced to be "to colonize, with their own consent, people of color, of this State and the United States, on the coast of Africa, and through them to civilize and christianize the African tribes, and also generally to improve the condition of the colored population of our country."

OWING to the increased expense of living and the unprecedented prosperity of capitalists and business men, laborers in all parts of the country are soliciting additional wages. In the majority of cases these demands have been complied with; but some, in addition to a legitimate share of increase which the "times" afford, seek to grasp the laborers' portion.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS and others propose a Convention to investigate the origin and inspiration of the Bible at Hartford on the 2d day of June.

On the 17th of March, Santa Ana was again elected President of the Republic of Mexico.

PHENOMENAL.

LIGHTING GAS WITH THE TIP OF THE FINGER.—This is a feat anybody may perform. Let a person in his shoes or slippers walk briskly over a woollen carpet, *scuffing* his feet thereon, or stand upon a chair with its legs in four tumblers, to insulate it, and be there rubbed on the body a few times with a muff, by another person, and he will light the gas by simply touching his finger to the tube. It is only necessary to take the precaution not to touch anything or be touched by anybody during the trial of the experiment. The stock of electricity acquired by the process we have described is discharged by contact with another object. A second person must turn on the gas while the other fires it. The writer has lighted it in this way, and seen it done by children not half a dozen years old. We are all peripatetic lucifer matches, if we did but know it.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

WRECK OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA.—The plate in the Queen Victoria's cabin has been saved by a diver; but the man protests that nothing in the world would induce him to go down a second time, as the scene in the cabin was the most horrible he had ever witnessed. He thought he had entered a wax work exhibition, the corpses never having moved from their positions since the vessel went down. There were some eighteen or twenty persons in the cabin, one and all of whom seemed to be holding conversation with each other; and the general appearance of the whole scene was so life-like, that he was almost inclined to believe that some were yet living.—*St. Louis Intelligencer*, April 5.

METEORIC PHENOMENA.—An English paper before us gives an interesting description of a meteor which recently fell on the tower of Lincoln Cathedral, and set fire to one of the pinnacles. It occurred during a violent snow storm. The paper before us says: "At about a quarter before 4 P. M., a ball of fire descended upon the center tower of the cathedral, and burst with a loud explosion, emitting beautiful rose colored flames, and accompanied by a flash like lightning. No other signs of electricity in the air either preceded or succeeded the appearance of the meteor.—[Ex.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

The attention of all reformatory and progressive minds is invited to this Journal, the design of which is to advocate the rights of Humanity, to present the true principles of reform, and to chronicle whatever may be useful and attractive in the developments of the present age. As prominent and distinctive features of this work, may be mentioned:

1. **REVELATIONS OF NATURE**; embracing expositions of philosophical principles disclosed through the medium of Reason, or Intuition. Several writers of eminent reputation and power have been engaged to contribute to this department.

2. **SOCIAL AND MORAL ETHICS**; in which will be introduced the important questions of reform that now agitate society, among which are the rights of Labor, the introduction of a new Theology, and the nobility of MAN AS MAN.

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6. **SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE**; which will present a digest of the weekly news, both foreign and domestic, and which, being the essence of the daily papers disencumbered of their heaviness, will be made not only a vivacious but valuable department.

TERMS: THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS will be issued weekly on fine paper and in a form suitable for binding, at \$2 per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Specimen numbers will be sent gratis.

Clubs and News Agents taking ten copies and upward, will be furnished with the JOURNAL at the rate of \$1.50 per annum. No papers will be sent after the term of subscription has expired, unless renewed. Address, THE HARMONIAL ASSOCIATION, New-York City.

NEW WORKS.

The public are hereby informed that after the first of May, 1853, the Harmonial Association, located in the city of New-York, will be prepared to publish attractive and standard works on subjects connected with the unfoldings of the present age.

A work of great interest is now in preparation and will be published soon, which may be announced as a

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. SAMANTHA METTLER;

who is now widely known as a medical clairvoyant possessed of the gift of healing in a remarkable degree. The work will contain a detailed account of the peculiar process by which the interior vision was developed in this lady, together with a statement of some of the wonderful cures which have been performed through her agency.

The Association would likewise announce that they will publish as soon as completed, a work written by and through R. P. AMBLER, to be entitled,

THE BIRTH OF THE UNIVERSE;

in which will be disclosed, through the medium of philosophical deductions, the principles involved in that sublime process by which the Universe has been progressively unfolded. Further notice of this work may be expected soon.

The office of the Association from the first of May may be addressed at 100 Nassau-st., New-York.

PSYCHO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. R. METTLER AND LADY have for some years applied Clairvoyance, and other kindred agents, to the treatment of the sick, and will continue to make Clairvoyant Examinations, and to give such diagnostic and therapeutic suggestions as are required in the successful practice of the healing art.

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